

The Pocahontas Times.

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\$1.00 A Year

ALASKA WHEAT

From the Saturday Evening Post
When the United States paid eighty millions for the Territory of Alaska, it was for the fur the purchasers looked for a return on the investment. When gold began to pour in from that great country the investment was pronounced good. But not in gold alone was Alaska destined to repay these early statesmen for their real estate speculation. Years after the yellow metal was discovered there came an aged farmer to that far northland, and took back to the States a bushel for wealth to his country by the side of which the gold from the hills and icy river beds should pale into insignificance.

It was in 1903 that Abraham Adams a native of Kentucky who had gone with the "star of Empire" to the great West to farm it was taken with a desire to try his fortunes in Alaska. Leaving his ranch in northern Idaho, he made a trip to land of promise and of gold, but nothing came of his attempt of discovery. Turning his attention then to exploring and drifted along the coast of eastern Alaska, where the Japan current flows near the shore and makes of the land from coast to mountain central spring. Many miles he explored, investigating the possibilities of that country for future farming and grazing, preparing himself for a report to the farmers of his community.

He found many beautiful bays, splendid branches sweep of timber, and meadows heavy with juicy grasses. Here and there were traces of gold, but not of promising quantity, and then he chanced upon a surprising discovery. Lodged in a nook under protecting rock, sheltered from the winds, was a little familiar patch. Interested at once he investigated and found that here was a patch of wheat growing far from any living human that could have planted it. On hands and knees he pulled away the matted straw. Yes it was certainly wheat that was just ripening. The explorer sought among the thick stems for some heads, but the wild game had been before him, and he was just about to give up when he discovered one head of wheat almost intact. A gigantic head it was! Fully four inches long with its rough beard long, and broad in proportion.

Packing the head carefully away, the old man brought it back with him to his ranch at Juliette, Idaho. Not a word did he say to his neighbors of his find. Whether it was wild or not he could say. Perhaps, some wild bird had filled its crop with the grain in an unknown region, where it grew native, and coming to Alaska deposited the seed in a fertile spot. And yet it was only curiosity that moved Abraham Adams. He never dreamed of his find being of any value except as an experiment for his own pleasure.

In the fall of 1904 Mr. Adams planted his head of Alaska wheat on high and all-wool-dry land the natural soil of Idaho. It grew rapidly when the spring opened its fountains, and in summer he had seven pounds of wheat from this one head. This was startling. He hardly dared tell a farmer of it. He examined the kernel, four times as large as ordinary wheat, and in color instead of the homely brownish gray of wheat of commerce the pretiest cream color without a darker spot. Seven pounds of wheat from one head and the finest looking wheat mortal had ever seen! Abraham Adams began to dream.

Having tested the grains as winter wheat, Mr. Adams saved his seven pounds to try an spring wheat and in 1906 he planted the

whole seven pounds. Sturdy it grew, and when it was harvested he weighed it 15 1/2 pounds. His Alaska find had broken the world's record for wheat yield! More than two hundred and twenty bushels to the acre was the ratio of yield, and that without any special petting or manipulation. With the world's average yield 13 7/8 bushels to the acre, and a fair yield for exceptional land of twenty bushels, here was a prospect of a miracle; a revolution in the wheat industry of the world. But still there was a question that might dash every hope of a wheat miracle. Was this Alaska wheat of good quality? Would it make good bread?

With this last idea in mind the experimenting farmer carried a small quantity of his wheat to the Idaho experimental station at Moscow. He knew he had a wheat that yielded past any belief. He had something marvelous in a wheat that yielded equally as well planted winter or spring. Did he have a good wheat? The chemists and experts at the station tested it and pronounced it a good quality of hard wheat. Hard wheat! That was sufficient. But Adams knew he must have patience for another year.

In the fall of 1906 the 1545 pounds were planted in fields by the side of the famous Blue Stem and Club wheat grown in that section. Watching their comparative growth, Mr. Adams picked on the same day green heads of Club wheat and green heads of his Alaska wheat, the latter so many times larger than the ordinary wheat that the Club wheat seemed hardly started. The farmer was jubilant. Then Nature took a hand, and hailstorms of the worst kind came, beating down the ordinary wheat until it was not fit to harvest. The farmer, discouraged, went out to his Alaska wheat fields and saw that the sturdy stems had partly withstood the storms, and he finally harvested 58,000 pounds of seed.

Now was the time to make his final test. He had enough for a test from winter grown. Taking this to the experimental station, he soon received a report which made him for the first time sure that he had something worth giving to the public. The station chemist wrote:

"The kernels from the fall-sown wheat were plump and sound and doubtless will grade No. 1. Judging from the chemical and physical condition of this sample, it will probably take rank with the best grade of Blue Stem for flour."

"The sample grown from spring-sown wheat showed by chemical analysis a somewhat higher protein content (his being an indication of its probable strength for bread-making purposes) I am inclined to think that the wheat that you have here is the equal, if not the superior, of our Blue Stem for flour-making purposes. I should like to make a mill test whenever you can send me a sufficient quantity for that purpose."

These are the facts about the wonderful wheat of which the world will soon be talking. Farmers do not believe it; wheat speculators do not believe it; but those who have traveled to see it do believe it. Mr. Adams had his fields surveyed and has absolute proof of the yield from each field. He has tried his wheat in other lands, and in some places it did better than in Idaho. Alabama raised wheat from it with leaves seven-eighths of an inch broad, growing like cornstalks.

As a last test, Mr. Adams sent single heads of wheat to other parts of the country where he had men he could trust to plant and ascertain the result. Reports are

just coming to him, and he finds that in other States his Alaska wheat does better than on its home soil. In Alabama a head was planted December 31, was up January 30, waist high April 1, with leaves seven-eighths of an inch broad, and July 7 was harvested. It showed to be hard wheat of a fine quality, and the one head yielded the same as the first head planted in Idaho.

Under ordinary soil conditions the new wheat will yield two hundred bushels to the acre, under extra conditions above that. What will be the outcome? Had all America had Alaska wheat to seed this year, the American crop alone would have been five billions of bushels. Does that not mean a revolution in the wheat industry? Will the food of the poor become so cheap that here will be no famines? Or will farm property rise in value with the capacity for the yield? All this is conjecture, but these things are certain:

The wheat Alaska has given us will withstand hail if not too heavy. It will withstand frost. It grows hard wheat from fall sowing. It yields up to 222 bushels to the acre.

It will grade up to No. 1 head. It will turn the vast areas in Missouri and the South and in the far West into hard-wheat areas. And, last and best of all, it will bring back wheat-raising to the worn-out farms of the East where, with wheat yields two hundred bushels to the acre, farmers can afford to use manures and chemicals, and make a profit.

If all America could seed with the new wheat it would, at only fifty cents a bushel, add nearly two and a half billions of dollars to the wealth of the farmers every year.

Proclamation

To the qualified voters of the Town of Marlinton.

The Mayor and the Council of the Town of Marlinton, Marlinton, W. Va., at a special meeting held on Tuesday August 25th, 1908, passed the following ordinance:

It appearing to the Council that it would be necessary to lay a special bond levy at the maximum rate of twenty cents on the \$100 valuation to pay the interest on the bonded indebtedness and provide a sinking fund for the discharge of the principal, it is therefore ordered that the question of such levy be submitted to the voters of the municipality at a special election to be held in the Mayor's office on the 5th day of September 1908.

A. E. Smith, Mayor.

General Order No. 2

All Confederate Veteran Camps in good standing belonging to the W. Va. Division, will appoint delegates to a Convention to be held at Beverly, Randolph county, at 10 o'clock a. m., Sept. 29th, 1908, to transact any and all business that may come before it. Each camp will be entitled to one delegate for every twenty active members in good standing, and one additional one for a fraction of ten members, provided that every camp in good standing shall be entitled to at least two delegates. The Convention of delegates will be held on the 29th. The parade and unveiling ceremonies will take place on Sept. 30th, at 10 o'clock a. m., 1908.

By order of

MAJ. GENERAL ROBERT WHITE,

A. O. L. GATEWOOD,

Adj't General and Chief of Staff.

WANTED: A teacher for Spruce school to commence by September 1st. Apply to Box

FROM THE U. S. FORESTER

The fact that a Chicago merchant is advertising in German trade papers for a million Willow clothing baskets is pointed to by experts on willow culture in this country as evidence of our neglect of profitable industry.

Climate and soil are so favorable for willow culture in this country as in Germany even where diseased, and the market for willow of the better grades is the best in the world.

Generally speaking, land that will grow wheat will grow willows. Their cultivation is not difficult, and profits are usually good. But up to the present time Americans have not taken hold of the matter in earnest, though both interest and production have been on the increase of recent years as a result of the effort made by the Department of Agriculture to inform the public of the opening which willow growing offers.

The Germans handle the business well. They have industrial schools where basket weaving is taught. May these schools grow on their own willow rods, cut them, and peel and prepare them for use. To the mutual advantage of both pupils and proprietors arrangements are made to allow pupils to work part of the time in the "holts", as the willow fields are called belonging to the schools, and in that way earn enough to pay their tuition and board. They then become familiar with all parts of the business, and when they graduate they are competent to take places as overseers of willow farms or foremen in wicker factories. The schools profit by getting much of their work done without paying cash for it.

American willow growers and manufacturers of willow ware must meet that competition; but those who have investigated conditions here and abroad feel confident that the American has advantages which will enable him to compete successfully if he takes up the business with characteristic American energy.

There are more than 160 manufacturers of willow ware in the United States. One-tenth of them grow their own willows, and about an equal number grow part of their stock. More than a dozen varieties are cultivated in this country, in seventeen states, and many manufacturers assert that the home grown rods are equal or even superior to the imported. God holds pay a profit the first year, though the profits of late years are much greater. The average price of unpeeled rods last year was about one and a quarter cents a pound, and if peeled rods about seven cents. A well-managed willow held should average twenty-five hundred pounds of rods to the acre yearly, and the cost of growing and harvesting the crop is comparatively low. It is a crop which requires comparatively little labor, so that the small grower, if able-bodied, can be pretty independent in the matter of hired help.

Instructions for the growing of basket willows are sent by the Forest Service, upon request, together with a statement of the returns to be expected. The Service is devoting special attention to testing every known variety of basket willow in order to find the best varieties for home growers. In the early spring time cuttings from all approved basket willows are sent gratis to applicants who desire to establish willow hots.

Birds are destroying the telephone and telegraph poles in the South and Southwest, particularly in Texas, Arizona, and California.

In some places fifty per cent of all the poles along the right-of-way have been riddled by the innocent offenders, which belong to the woodpecker family.

One of the West Union officials, who has recently returned from an inspection tour in the west, reported having seen twenty-five telephone poles with two or three holes drilled clear through them. Some of the holes were three or four inches in diameter.

An officer of the Illinois Central Railroad counted the white cedar telephone poles along the right of way near Covington, Tennessee, which had been affected by woodpeckers, and found that out of 983 poles, 110, or 11 per cent had been bored.

In some cases destruction of the poles took only a few months and the weakened condition makes it dangerous for a lineman to climb the stick.

The real object of the birds in drilling the holes is uncertain. One telephone man said that the burrowing of the wires was mistaken by the birds for insect excavating beneath the surface of the wood, and that they drilled the poles in quest of these imaginary insects. It is very probable, however, that the holes are excavated for an entirely different purpose. The woodpecker is a provident bird. At the proper season it stores up a supply of acorns and other foods for future consumption. In the summer these holes are often found stored with acorns.

Many methods for preventing this damage have been suggested, but probably the most successful is preservation with creosote. A line of creosoted poles, opposite the one near Covington, was examined, and not a single hole was found. When it is considered that creosote will not only prevent the damage caused by the woodpecker, but also protect the pole indefinitely against both insects and decay, its great value as a preservative is apparent.

The Forest Service has spent considerable time in developing a cheap yet efficient method for the treatment of telephones and telegraph poles. The results of the work are embodied in several Forest Service circulars, copies of which may be obtained without cost from the Forester, Washington, D. C.

Buildings on New Buildings.

It is a custom in Russia to open all new buildings and institutions, public or private, with a religious dedication. Even the proprietorial builder of a small cottage or workshop who cannot afford to pay for the attendance of a priest to bless and sprinkle with holy water a wooden cross, nailed to the topmost pole in the scaffolding, as his dwelling or workshop approaches completion, symbolize of an appeal for God's blessing upon the new premises.

This custom appeared somewhat incongruous on the establishment of the Government liquor monopoly, when every vodka store was solemnly opened with a religious ceremony.

At Kishinev, when a new opera house was opened with the usual religious function, the local Journal, Resurrection Life, made some scathing remarks, for which the proprietorial editor has been sentenced to four months' imprisonment.

Full of Scratches.

"What has this man been doing, sergeant?" gasped Officer O'Toole, as he rolled over and over the sidewalk with the unruly prisoner. "Hold on to him," shouted Sergeant Baumgarten, as he sent in the call for the wagon. "He was a fence." "A fence, is it?" he blurted. "Begad, from the looks at me hands he must be a barb-wire fence."

He Couldn't Eat It.

Mrs. Benham—A tramp stole one of my pies to-day. Benham—I wonder what he will do with it?—Harper's Weekly.

In Thirty Germany.

In certain towns in Germany householders are compelled by law to sort out their house dust. They have to provide three receptacles—one for ashes and sweepings, one for cooking refuse and one for rags and paper. The rubbish is picked by the town authorities.

ON THE GREENBRIER

Rev. Dr. R. H. Fleming of this city, who has been visiting in Marlinton, W. Va., and who is now at his farm in Highland county, Va. sends the following interesting account of his trip:

Leaving Lynchburg on an early morning train it was a pleasure to have as a traveling companion the genial and accomplished president of Washington Lee University.

The heat of the city was soon forgotten as the train swiftly rolled along the James. After a brief delay at Clifton Forge, with the same delight that awaited Spotwood we climbed the mountains. The click of the wheels as they gripped the rails told of the power of steam to overcome resistance. The Alleghenies were in their glory and majesty. Now the train lugged closely to the mountain side and then rushed in the darkness through a tunnel. Two or four fellow passengers determined to see all that it was possible. "You sit on that side," said one, "and I will remain here. You can tell me what you see and I will tell you what I see."

With the eagerness of children and with their simplicity, too, they caught passing glimpses of heights and depths of trees and shrub and flower.

At Romeville not very close connection was made with Greenbrier Valley train. To relieve the tedium a visit was made to the school building on the hill where the teachers of Greenbrier county were assembled in their Annual Institute, West Virginia requires every teacher to be present and utilize the Professors of her University as instructors. The people of the vicinity attend the session of the institute in large numbers. A large hall was filled with an interested audience listening to an address on Agriculture, the study of which has been recently introduced.

The ride up the Greenbrier in the afternoon was a panorama of beauty. Now the train glides under the shadow of the Droop Mountain while the river sings as it ripples over a rocky bed. Now the fleecy clouds shimmer with the glory of the afternoon sun. Now the dark evergreen which clothes the hill sides breathe their sweetness into the air. All fatigue is forgotten in the beauty and glory of the heavens and earth.

Marlinton is reached in due time where friends await to extend greeting and welcome to hearts and homes. Marlinton is one of the new towns of the industrial era. One wanders as he notes the signs of life and hearts the hum of business of the spirit of Jacob Marlin who selected this beautiful mountain guarded plain as a place of residence ever returns to wander under electric lights searching in vain for the trees which once sheltered himself and Sowell.

An enterprising citizen searching for gas just above the town, found sulphur water of a fine quantity. Gas is there too, sufficient to force the water nearly 500 feet to the surface. The water is clear and cold. It is much like the famous Salt Sulphur Springs forty miles to the west at Webster Court House.

Another effort will be made to find gas in paying quantities. If successful Marlinton will have facilities for manufacture of untold value.

One of the large tanneries of the United States Leather Company is located here. Despite the depression in business eleven hundred sides of leather are brought forth every working day. The Campbell Lumber Company just north of town is at work. This

company owns large bodies of fine timber, and of necessity furnishes employment to a large number of people.

Since my visit here, a year ago I notice improvement in the streets, and evidence of thrift on all sides.

I asked a builder, at work on a residence, where do you get your brick? "At Lynchburg, sir." At the station I saw large baskets of Lynchburg laundry, and here and there are the attractive signs of the Lynchburg shoe companies. One cannot get away from Lynchburg enterprise even in the mountains of West Virginia.

Mine host, nominee of the Democrats for Congress, is an expert fisherman, and several times his basket has been filled with bass.

In genial society the days pass quickly.

If any heat is added to the air as it passes to the lower country you must be in a melting mood in Lynchburg. Here, for a few hours the heat is intense. The nights are cool and the air refreshing. The old Greenbrier Bridge, built by the State of Virginia more than fifty years ago, is in daily use. It is one of the picturesque sights of his interesting county.

"Armies marched over in '61. Now the products of peace are daily drawn across the river by means of it.

In the office of the "Times" there is one of the best collections of Indian relics to be found in the State. The genial editor is a student of the past as well as the present."

—Lynchburg News

BABY BORN IN HISTORIC INN.

Fifth Generation to See the Light in the Old Home.

Born in the house of his great-great-grandfather and rocked in the cradle that lulled his great-great-grandfather to sleep away back in old Connecticut before the beginning of the last century, is the patriotic beginning of one Edward Griswold McCullough, who made his appearance on earth Sunday in the old Griswold Inn at Worthington. He is the son of Edward Miles McCullough, says the Columbus Dispatch.

In all the romance of old Worthington there is no greater halo than that which hangs over the Griswold Inn. It was built in 1806 by Ezra Griswold, who came from Connecticut with the pioneers who settled much of the western reserve and central Ohio. The family was an old one even for old Connecticut and Ezra Griswold was a sturdy representative of it. He brought this family into the "great west" with him and his son, George Griswold, was reared in the Inn. He was eight years old when his father brought him to Ohio.

George Griswold, in turn, inherited the duty of perpetuating the name, and when his father died he fell heir to the Inn property and lived throughout his life where his father had built so well. His son was Worthington Franklin Griswold, who, as his father had done, inherited the Inn and lived in it. To him and his good wife was born a daughter, Harriet, who was reared in the home of the family, and who continued to live there when she became Mrs. McCullough.

Now she is the happy mother of a son and she is rocking him in the Griswold cradle that was brought to Ohio along with other household possessions by Ezra Griswold when he drove his ox team overland from Connecticut in 1806. No one knows how long the unique heirloom had been in the Griswold family before that time, but it is supposed that Ezra Griswold was himself rocked in it when he was a baby long before revolutionary times.

When little Edward Griswold McCullough is baptized he will wear a little white dress that was made for the baptismal ceremony of his grandfather, by his great-grandmother—a dress that has been handed down in the family with great care and which is insured more dearly than either the another epoch has been able to give.

WE PRINT SALE BILLS AND PRINT THEM RIGHT

Apartment for Martin Colony. J. H. Miller, a merchant of Denver, Lancaster County, in 1860 erected a Martin box with four apartments. Additional homes have been erected from time to time until about 1870 when new ones began to be built.